

MASTERS IN ART

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Andrea del Sarto

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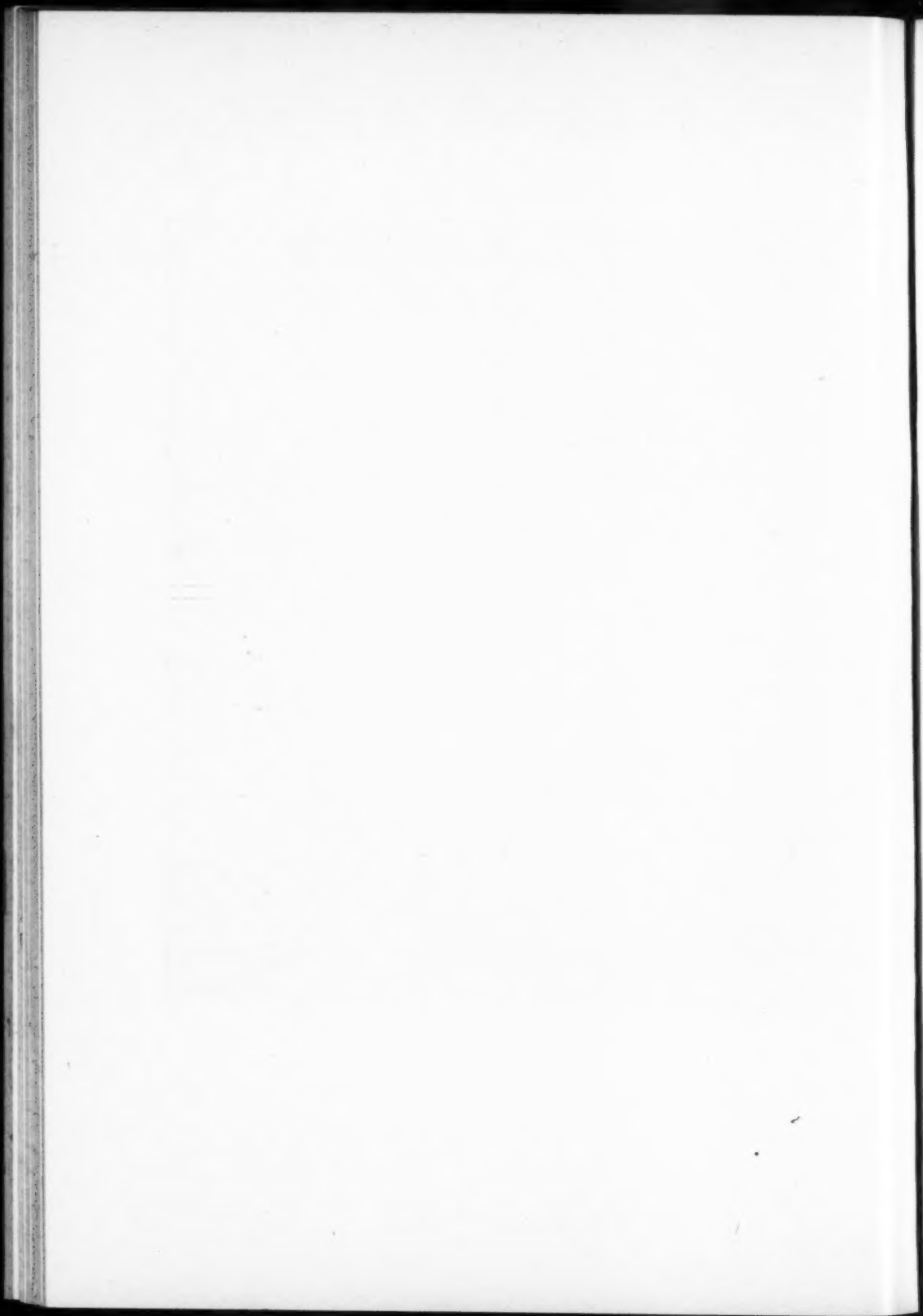
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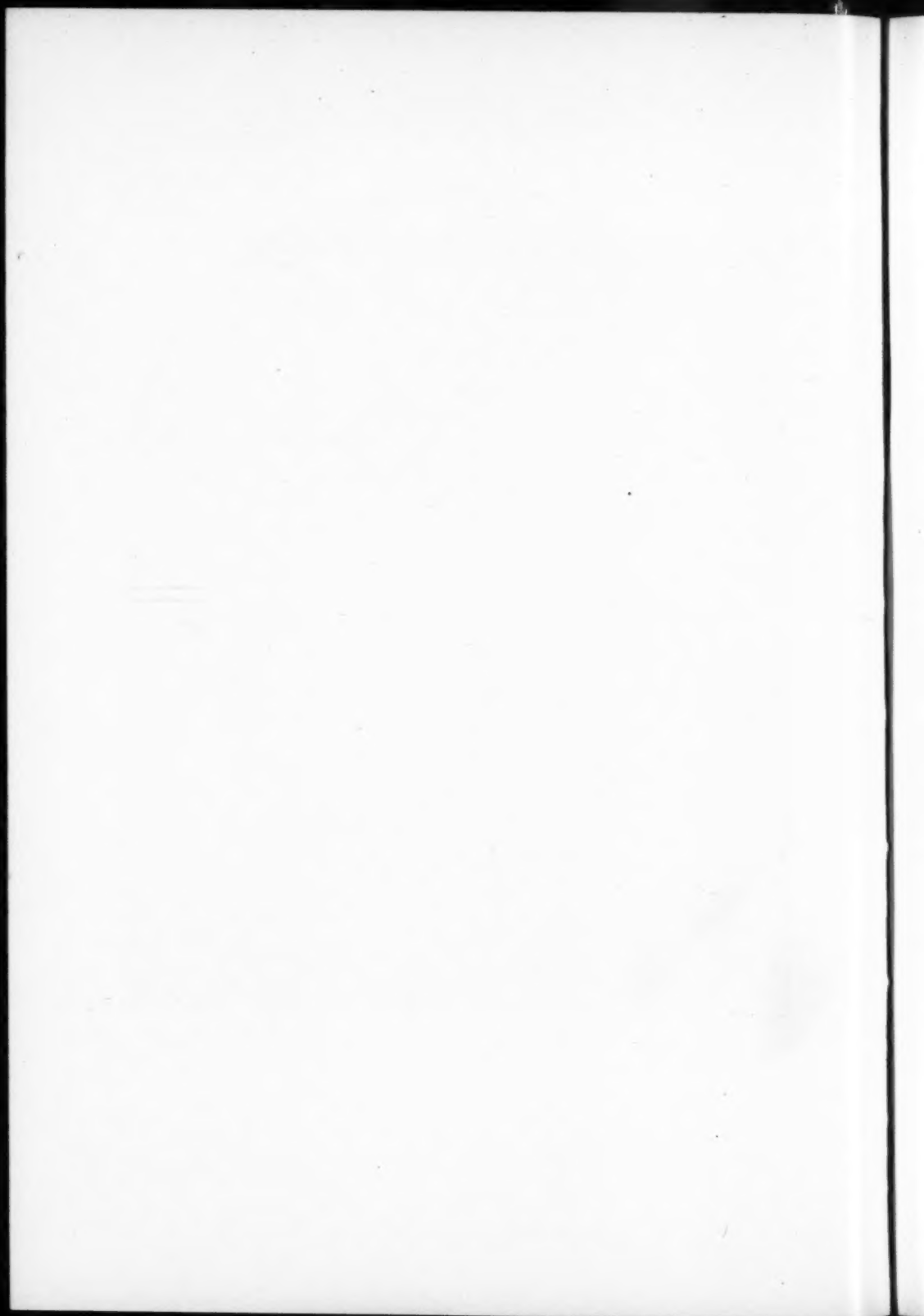
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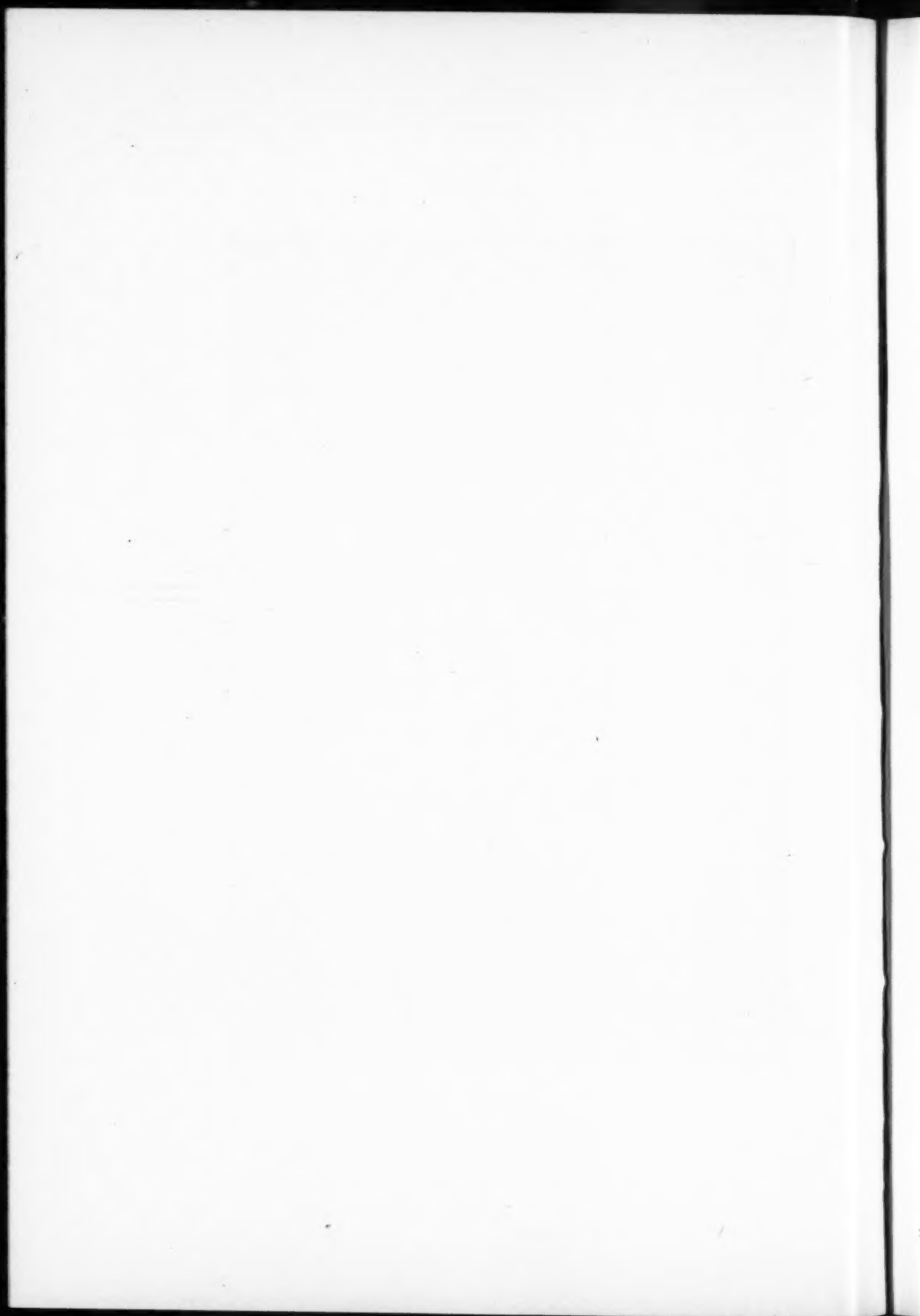




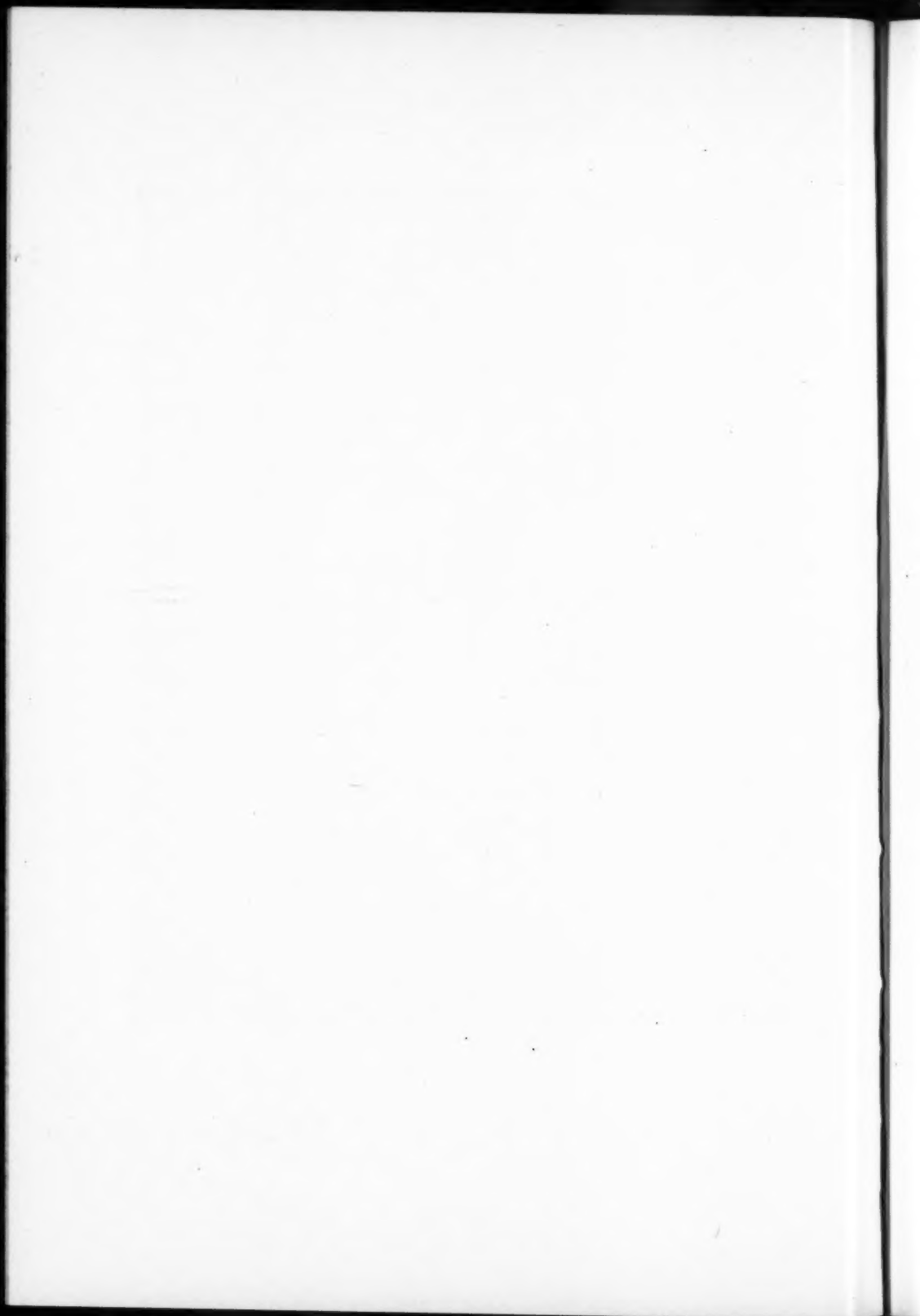


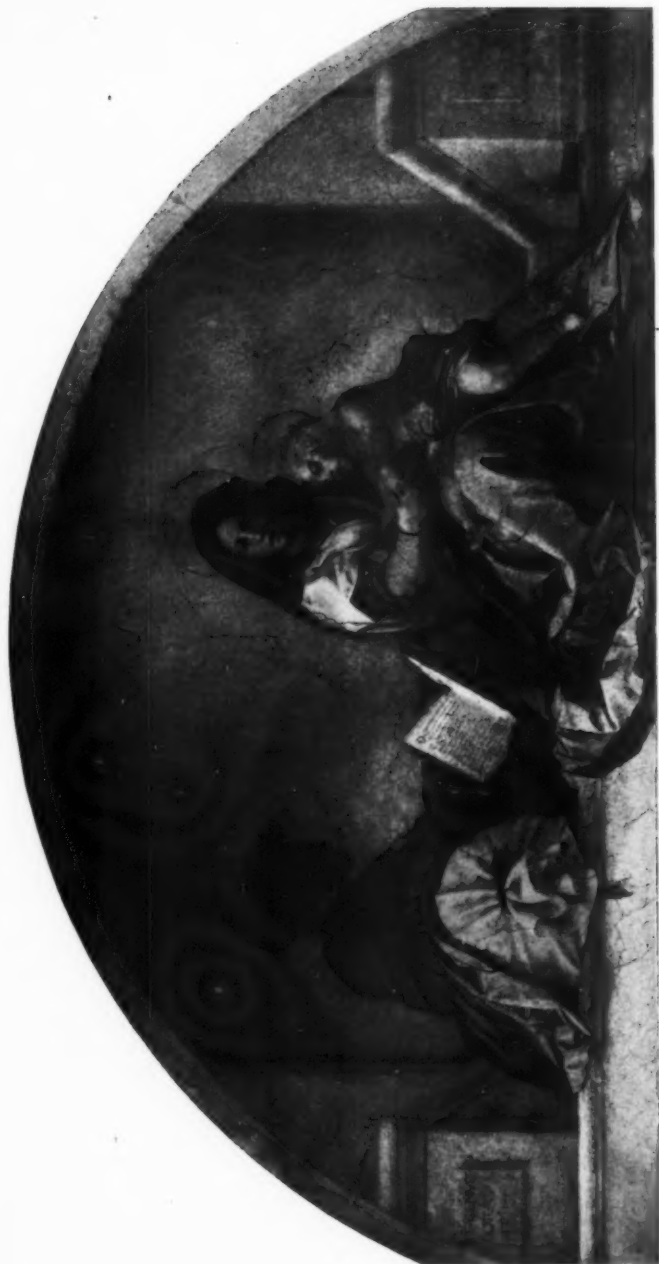


ANDREA DEL SARTO
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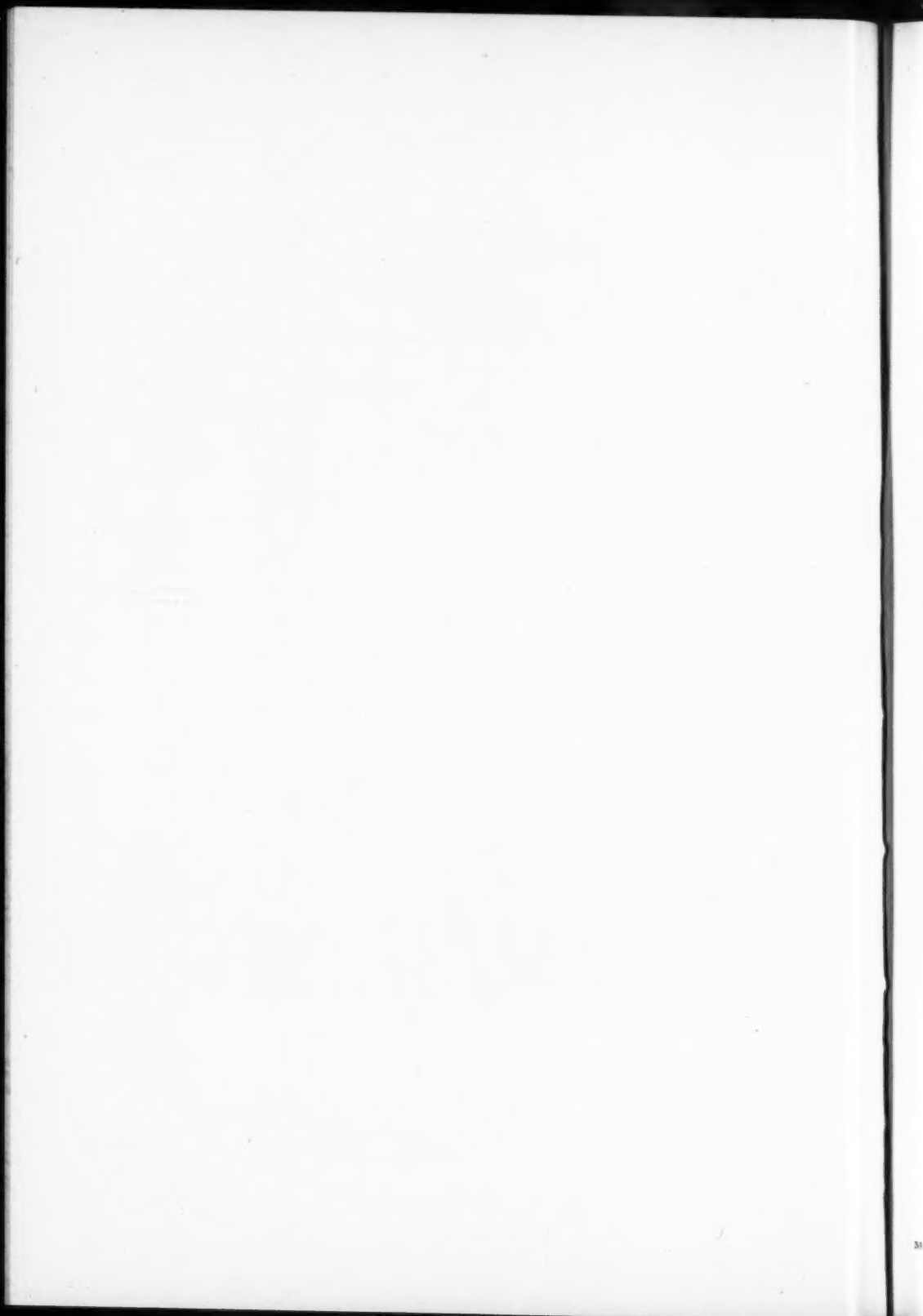








ANDREA DEL SARTO
MADONNA OF THE SACK
CHURCH OF THE ANNUNZIATA, FLORENCE



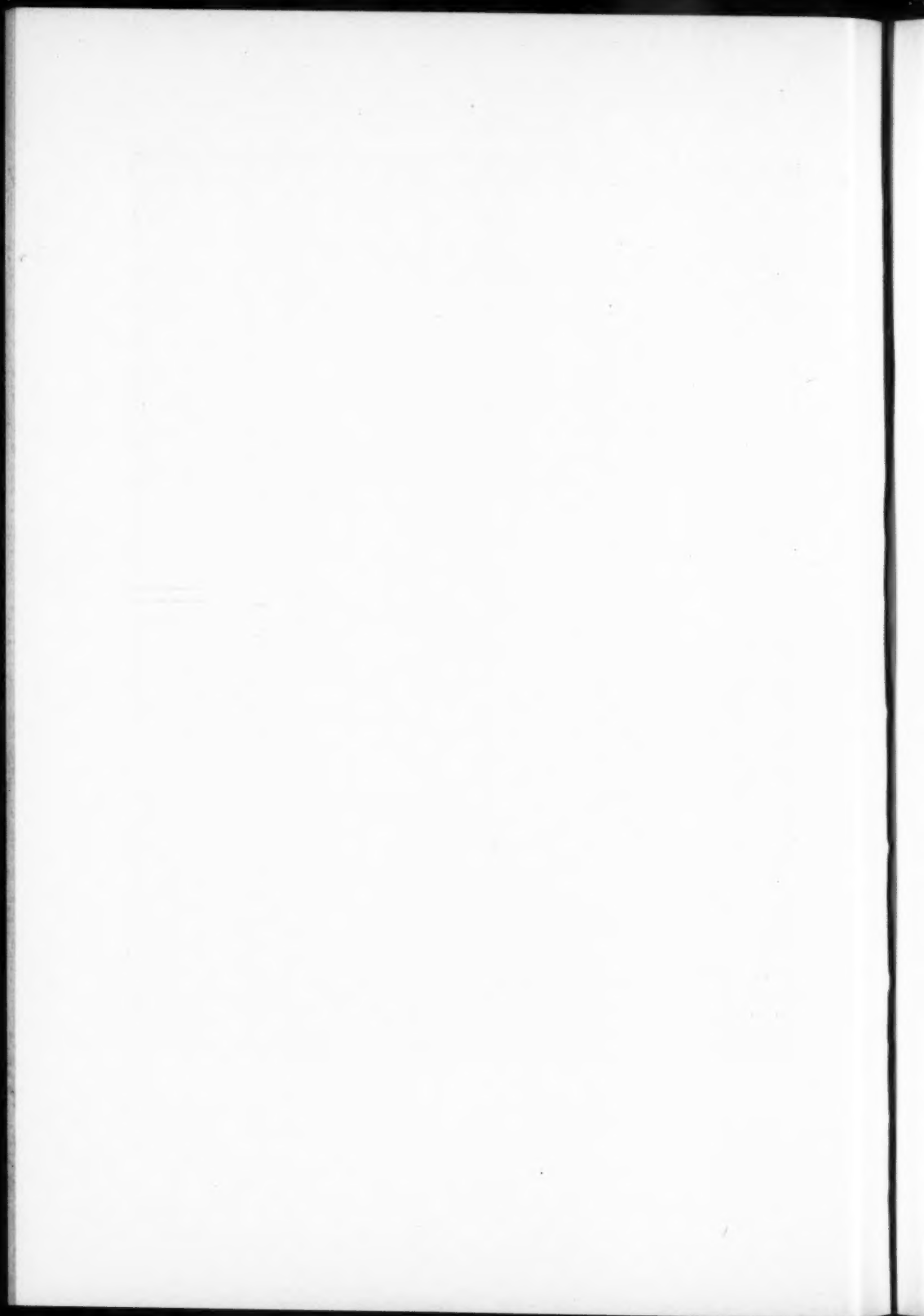


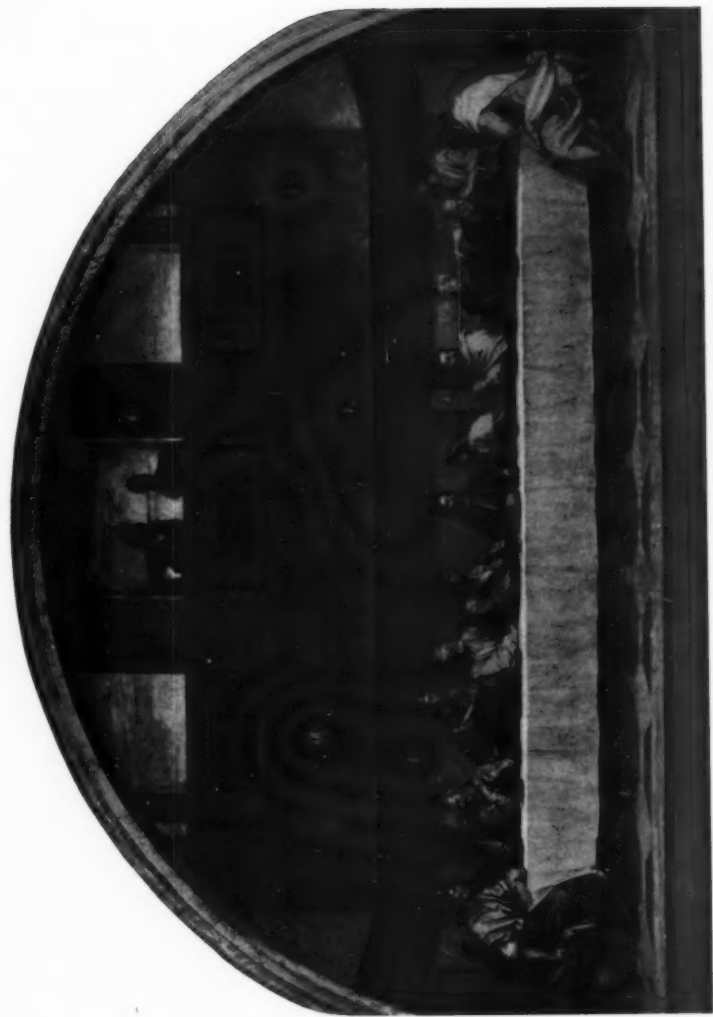




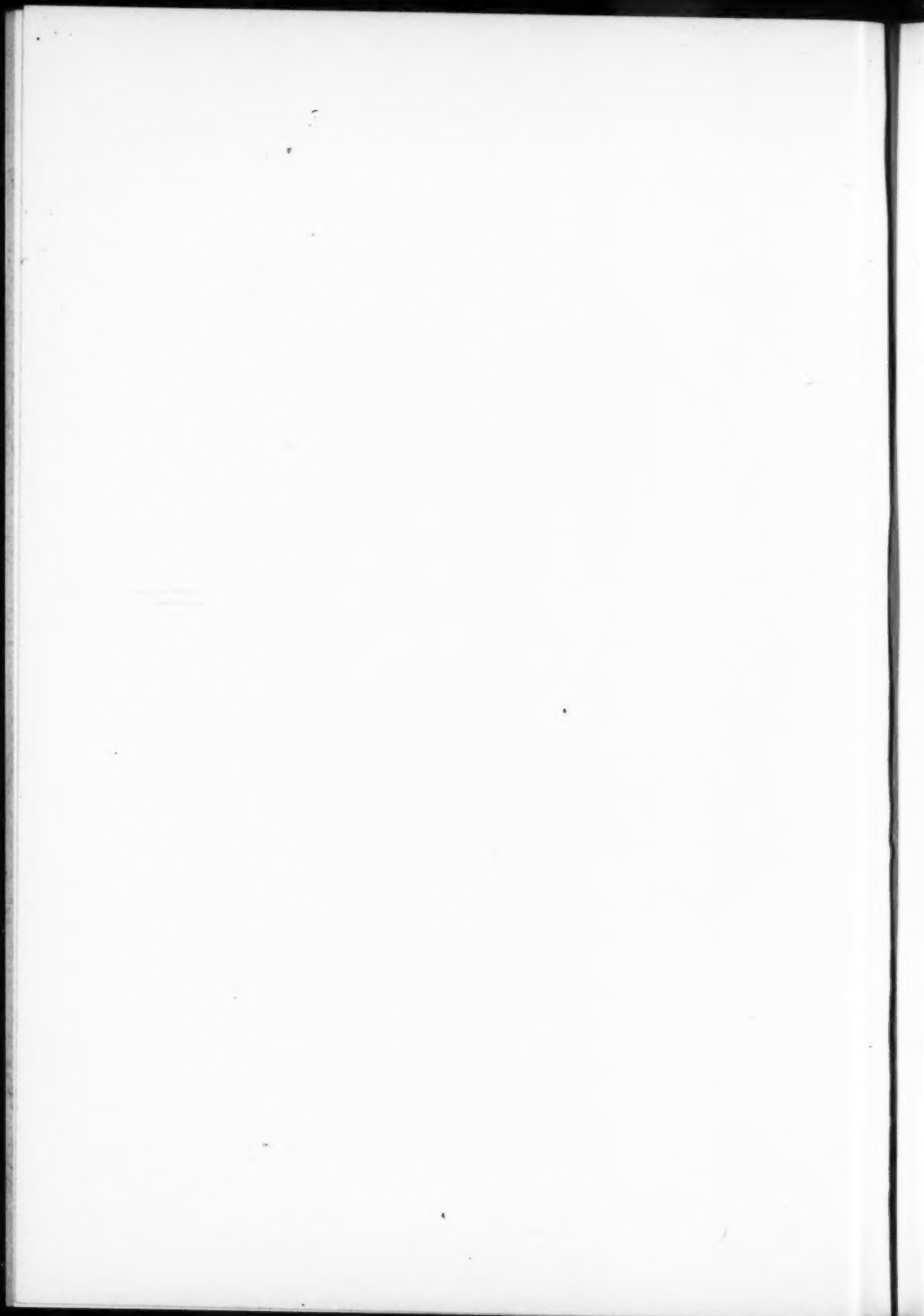
MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII
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ANDREA DEL SARTO
ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST
PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE

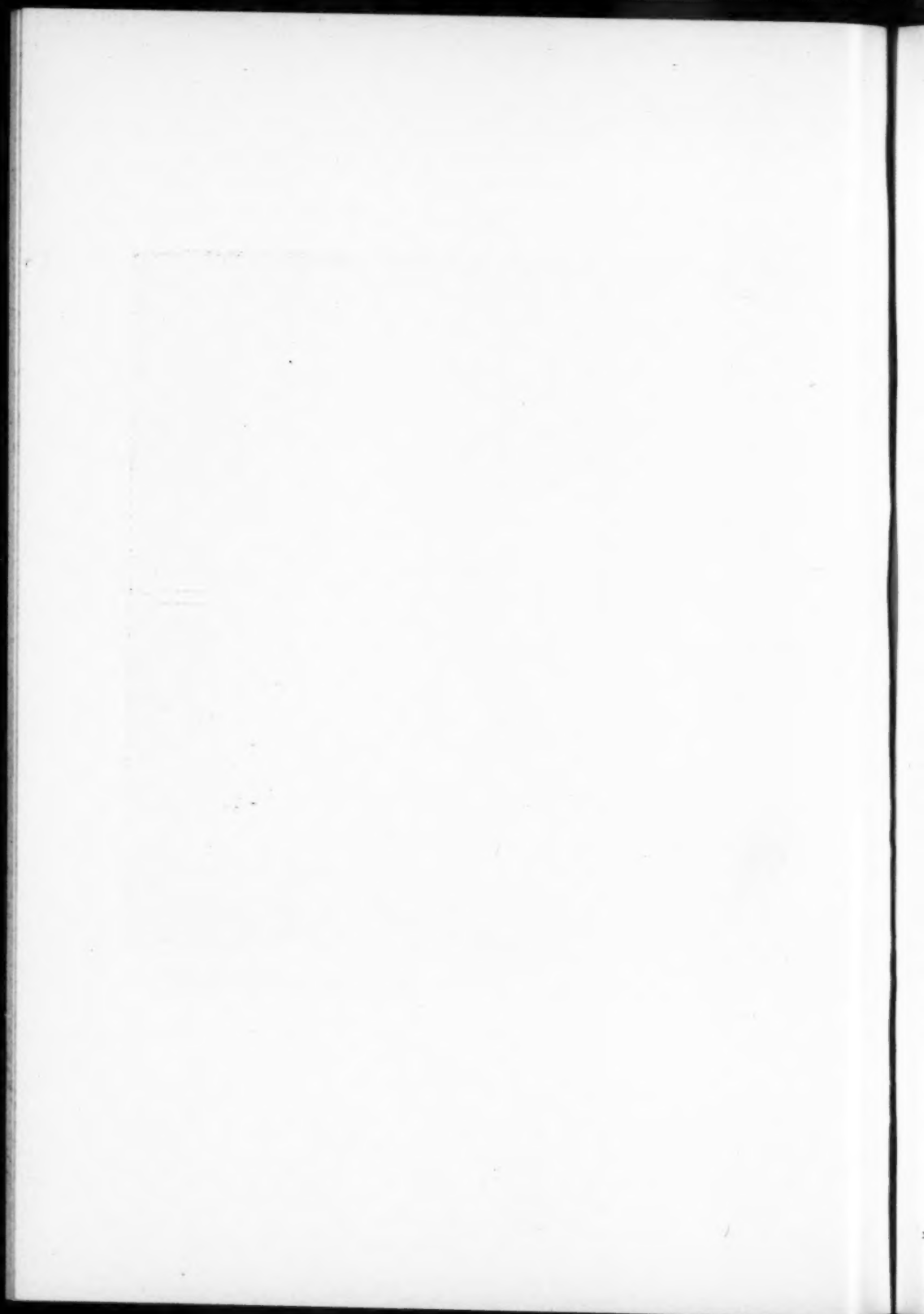




ANDREA DEL SARTO
THE LAST SUPPER
CONVENT OF SAN SALVI, FLORENCE











PORTRAIT OF ANDREA DEL SARTO

UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

This portrait was painted by Del Sarto some two years before his death. According to Vasari's narrative, the artist had just finished a picture, and, "finding that certain colors were remaining, took up a tile, and calling to Lucrezia, said, 'Come, wife, I will take your portrait that all may see how well you have preserved your good looks.' But the woman would not remain still; and Andrea, as though almost divining that his end was near, took a mirror and drew his own portrait on that tile instead, executing the same so naturally and to such perfection that one might almost believe him to be in the life."

Andrea del Sarto

BORN 1486: DIED 1531
FLORENTINE SCHOOL

JULIA CARTWRIGHT

'THE PAINTERS OF FLORENCE'

ANDREA DEL SARTO, or Andrea d'Agnolo, as he generally signs himself, was the son of a tailor named Agnolo (whence his appellation 'Del Sarto,' for Andrea del Sarto merely means "the tailor's Andrew"), who lived in the parish of Santa Maria Novella. He was born on the sixteenth of July, 1486, and baptized on the following day. At seven years old he was placed in a goldsmith's shop; but his talent for drawing soon attracted the notice of an inferior artist, named Barile, who taught him for three years, and then recommended him to Piero di Cosimo. Under the influence of this master, who, Vasari tells us, was then held to be one of the best in Florence, Andrea made rapid progress, and amazed every one by the facility of his drawing and his skill in handling colors. Piero, we are told, had the greatest affection for his brilliant pupil, and heard with indescribable delight that Andrea spent all his leisure hours in copying the celebrated cartoons of Leonardo and Michelangelo which hung in the Pope's Hall, and was already known as the cleverest of all the artists who met to study these masterpieces. But Piero's eccentricities at length forced Andrea to leave his house, and when, in 1508, he matriculated in the Painters' Guild, he opened a workshop on the Piazza del Grano with another promising student, Franciabigio, who had lately left Albertinelli's studio. A little panel of 'Christ appearing to the Magdalen,' now in the Uffizi Gallery, is the earliest of Andrea's works that we have. Soon he obtained a more important commission from Fra Mariano, the sacristan of the Servite monks, who gladly availed himself of an opportunity to secure so promising an artist at small cost. At his suggestion, Andrea agreed to paint five frescos from the life of St. Philip Benizzi in the court of the Servite Church of the Annunziata for the sum of ten florins apiece, and was later induced to paint two more frescos, a 'Birth of the Virgin' and an 'Adoration of the Magi,' upon receiving a further payment of forty-eight florins.

These beautiful paintings were marvellous productions for a youth who was little over twenty, and remain Andrea's most charming and attractive works. The finest of the whole series is 'The Birth of the Virgin,' which

was not completed till 1514. By this time Andrea's talents had already attracted the notice of Ottaviano de' Medici, and in 1515, when Pope Leo X. visited Florence, he was employed to construct a temporary façade for the Cathedral, adorned with chiaroscuro paintings in imitation of statues and bas-reliefs, which excited general admiration, and was pronounced by the pope to be as fine as marble. Meanwhile, both Andrea and his friend and assistant Franciabigio had taken up their residence in the Via della Sapienza, close to the Servite Convent. It was a favorite abode with young artists, and Leonardo's friend, the sculptor Rustici, Jacopo Sansovino, and many other well-known masters were already lodging there. Together they led a gay and joyous life, and Vasari describes the wonderful masques and suppers held in the clubs which they formed among themselves. There was the famous 'Club of the Paiolo,' or Cauldron, which met at Rustici's house, where dishes of the most elaborate kinds were provided by each of the twelve members, and Andrea, on one occasion, designed a temple in imitation of the Baptistery, with mosaics of jelly, columns of sausages, and choir and priests represented by birds and hooded pigeons. Another evening he recited a comic Greek poem, called 'The Battle of the Mice,' which excited great merriment among the company. No less popular were the meetings of the 'Society of the Trowel,' where the members appeared in mason's clothes, and acted comedies and dramas, for which Andrea painted the scenery.

But Andrea was not idle. Hardly had he finished the frescos in the court of the Annunziata than he set to work on a series of chiaroscuro subjects from the life of the Baptist in the cloisters of the Scalzo or Barefooted Friars in the Via Larga, works which reveal his wonderful powers in all their fulness.

The story of Andrea's marriage is familiar to us in the pages of Vasari, who was at one time the artist's pupil, and who in his hatred of his master's wife has painted her in the blackest colors. But although his language may be exaggerated the main facts of the case are probably true and have never been refuted. This handsome woman, whose face recurs in almost every Virgin and saint of Andrea's pictures, was the wife of Carlo di Recanati, a hatter in the Via San Gallo. Andrea was fascinated by her charms in the early days when he painted his first frescos in the Annunziata, and after the death of her husband, on the seventeenth of September, 1513, took her for his wife. But the fulfilment of his long-cherished desire brought him little peace. L'incresia's violent and overbearing temper drove away his favorite scholar, Pontormo, and several of his best apprentices, while her vanity excited his jealousy and her extravagance involved him in constant difficulties. He soon found that he had not only his wife but her father and sisters to keep, and in order to provide for their needs was compelled to lead a life of incessant toil, and to neglect his own parents, who, if we are to believe Vasari's tale, died in miserable poverty.

In May, 1518, Andrea accepted an urgent invitation from the French king, who had been greatly impressed by two of his works which had been sent to France by Giovanni Battista della Palla, a Florentine picture dealer in the pay of that monarch. Andrea found a generous patron in Francis I.; but

while he was enjoying the change from the narrowness and poverty of his Florentine life to the splendor of the French court his wife became impatient for his return—"being more anxious," remarks Vasari, "to profit by his gains than to see him again." Her entreaties touched his heart so deeply that, early in 1519, he obtained leave from the king for two months to go to Florence, and bring back his wife. But once at home again Andrea forgot his promises in the joy of Lucrezia's company. He lavished presents upon his wife and her sisters, and spent the money which Francis I. had given him to purchase works of art for his palace at Fontainebleau in buying a plot of land and building a house near the Annunziata. Whether Vasari's story is true or not, it is certain that Andrea never returned to France, and threw away the prospect of a great and honorable career in that country. But he found plenty of employment in Florence, where, now that Fra Bartolommeo was dead, he had no one left to be his rival. He soon resumed his work at the Scalzo Cloister, and, in 1521, his old friend Ottaviano de' Medici employed him to decorate the villa of Pope Leo X. at Poggio a Cajano, where his fresco may still be seen in the great hall.

In 1524 a sudden outbreak of the plague drove Andrea and his family to take refuge in the Convent of San Piero at Luco, where the abbess and nuns entertained him hospitably, and where he painted the well-known 'Pietà,' now in the Pitti, as well as two smaller pictures which have disappeared. . . .

As years went by, his style became more and more artificial. He repeated his old compositions, and painted one picture after another with the same marvellous facility, in the same mannered style. A wonderful example of his technical skill is still to be seen in the copy of Raphael's great portrait of Leo X. and his cardinals, which he painted, in 1524, for Ottaviano de' Medici. So admirable was Andrea's copy that even Giulio Romano, who had himself helped Raphael in painting the pope's portrait, was completely deceived until Vasari showed him Andrea's monogram of interlaced initials on the edge of the panel.

In spite, however, of his untiring industry and of the great reputation which he enjoyed in Florence, Andrea del Sarto never attained the position to which his rare talents entitled him. During the siege of Florence he suffered many privations, and was glad to accept a commission from the Signory to paint on the walls of the Podesta palace the effigies of some rebels who had been hung as traitors. But being ashamed of the task, he announced that one of his apprentices would fulfil the order, which he really executed himself, going backwards and forwards by night, and hiding behind a hoarding when he was at work.

All through his later years, Vasari tells us, the painter never ceased to look back regretfully at the time which he had spent in France, and made more than one effort to recover the favor of King Francis. In 1529, Giovanni Battista della Palla once more commissioned Andrea to paint a picture for his master. This time the artist, anxious to recover his former patron's good graces, exerted himself to the utmost, and produced his 'Sacrifice of Abraham,' a picture far finer in design and expression than any other work

of his later years. But the siege intervened, Giovanni Battista della Palla died in prison, and the picture was never sent to France. . . .

When Florence was taken by the Spaniards the plague broke out in many parts of the city, and Andrea del Sarto was one of its first victims. He breathed his last on the twenty-second of January, 1531, at the age of forty-five, deserted even by his wife, who fled in terror from the house and left him to die alone. Yet his devotion to her had never altered, and in a will which he made four years before his death he left all his property to his dear wife, "*la mia diletta domina*," and even remembered his stepdaughter Maria. Lucrezia survived her husband forty years, and died in January, 1571. One day in the winter of 1570, when the artist Jacopo da Empoli was copying Andrea del Sarto's 'Birth of the Virgin' in the court of the Annunziata, an old woman of eighty stopped to speak to him on her way to mass, and, pointing to the figure of the handsome young matron in the picture, told him that this was her portrait, and that she herself was Lucrezia del Fede, the widow of the artist who painted the fresco. She had vexed him in his lifetime and abandoned him on his death-bed, but it was still her greatest pride to remember that she had been the wife of the "faultless painter," *Andrea senza errori*.

IN his wonderful poem 'Andrea del Sarto' Robert Browning has so fundamentally grasped the painter's character as mirrored in his life and in his works, that, far from offering an apology for printing a portion of it here among more academic criticisms, it is rather to be regretted that there is not space to quote the whole.

In the years after Andrea's desertion of the French king, Francis I., the painter and his wife are sitting at the open window in the hush of an autumn evening, looking forth on "sober, quiet Fiesole"; and in the silver grayness of the twilight a picture of himself as he is seems to form itself in Del Sarto's mind—seems, as he says, to

" . . . fall into a shape,
 "As if I saw alike my work and self,
 "And all that I was born to be and do,—
 "A twilight piece. . . ."

and in this mood he speaks, half to himself, half to Lucrezia's inattentive ears:—

" . . . Love, we are in God's hand.
 "How strange now looks the life He makes us lead;
 "So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
 "I feel He laid the fetter: let it lie!
 "This chamber for example—turn your head—
 "All that's behind us! You don't understand
 "Nor care to understand about my art,
 "But you can hear at least when people speak:
 "And that cartoon, the second from the door,
 "It is *the* thing, love! So such things should be—
 "Behold, madonna! I am bold to say,

"I can do with my pencil what I know,
 "What I see, what at bottom of my heart
 "I wish for (if I ever wish so deep),—
 "Do easily, too,—what I say, perfectly.
 "I do not boast, perhaps. Yourself are judge
 "Who listened to the Legate's talk last week;
 "And just as much they used to say in France.
 "At any rate 't is easy, all of it!
 "No sketches first, no studies, that's long past.
 "I do what many dream of all their lives.
 "—Dream? Strive to do, and agonize to do,
 "And fail in doing. I could count twenty such
 "On twice your fingers, and not leave this town,
 "Who strive—you don't know how the others strive
 "To paint a little thing like that you smeared
 "Carelessly passing with your robes afloat,—
 "Yet do much less, so much less! . . .
 "Well, less is more, Lucrezia: I am judged.
 "There burns a truer light of God in them,
 "In their vexed, beating, stuffed and stopped-up brain,
 "Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to prompt
 "This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine.
 "Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,
 "Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
 "Enter and take their place there sure enough,
 "Though they come back and cannot tell the world.
 "My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here. . . .
 . . .
 "Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
 "Or what's a heaven for? All is silver-gray
 "Placid and perfect with my art: the worse!
 "I know both what I want and what might gain,
 "And yet how profitless to know, to sigh—
 "Had I been two, another and myself,
 "'Our head would have o'erlooked the world!' No doubt.
 "Yonder's a work now, of that famous youth
 "The Urbinate who died five years ago.
 "('T is copied; George Vasari sent it me.)
 "Well, I can fancy how *he* did it all,
 "Pouring his soul, with kings and popes to see,
 "Reaching, that heaven might so replenish him,
 "Above and through his art—for it gives way;
 "That arm is wrongly put—and there again—
 "A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines,
 "Its body, so to speak: its soul is right,
 "He *means* right—that a child may understand.
 "Still, what an arm! and I could alter it:
 "But all the play, the insight and the stretch—
 "Out of me, out of me! And wherefore out?
 "Had you enjoined them on me, given me soul,

"We might have risen to Raphael, I and you!
 "Nay, love, you did give all I asked, I think—
 "More than I merit, yes, by many times.
 "But had you—oh, with the same perfect brow,
 "And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
 "And the low voice my soul hears as a bird
 "The fowler's pipe and follows to the snare—
 "Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!
 "Some women do so. Had the mouth there urged,
 "'God and the glory! never care for gain.
 "'The present by the future, what is that?
 "'Live for fame, side by side with Angelo!
 "'Raphael is waiting: up to God, all three!
 "I might have done it for you. So it seems:
 "Perhaps not. All is as God o'errules."

The Art of Andrea del Sarto

EUGÈNE MÜNTZ

'HISTOIRE DE L'ART PENDANT LA RENAISSANCE'

FEW artists in Renaissance history are more difficult to criticize with anything like precision of statement than Andrea del Sarto, for his work is a mingling of subtle seductions and of intangible defects. If we attempt to disentangle the diverse elements which go to make up his style, we shall find that he has borrowed something of the infinite gradation and depth of his coloring from Leonardo da Vinci (in spite of the superficial differences in the make-up of their respective palettes, Andrea's being the gayer and richer); that from the Primitives he learned how to animate his scenes by motives drawn from real life, such as portraits, costumes, and furniture,—and in this respect he stands midway between the episodic painting that preceded him and true historical painting;—that from his contemporary Fra Bartolommeo he gained much knowledge of composition, and that many of his groups are evidently based upon motives created by that master. But in spite of these debts to others Andrea was no imitator, and gave as much as he took. No painter has excelled him in the rendering of flesh—a rendering not dependent upon color alone, for even in his drawings the hands and cheeks wonderfully suggest the soft, round, elastic quality of flesh. No painter, moreover, has surpassed him in his grasp of the infinite resources of the palette. All the secrets of richness, softness, and *morbidezza*, all the mysteries of *pastoso* and *sfumato*, were his. It is not, then, as a technician that we must deny Andrea del Sarto the right to rank with the very greatest. It is as an artist (using the word in its highest sense) that he falls below them, for he was lacking in the loftier qualities of imagination, sentiment, and, worst of all, conviction. Vasari, in spite of his overweening enthusiasm for his former master, recognizes his "lack of firmness and boldness, of imposing grandeur

and largeness"; and, indeed, his types, gestures, and attitudes are all "soft," and occasionally even artificial and frivolous. One longs sometimes for stronger lines even in the invariably beautiful faces of his women, and the type in which he best succeeded was, perhaps, the adolescent, where the fine soft curves of youth have not yet been touched by those nobler lines which are the signs of emotion, intellect, and power.—FROM THE FRENCH.

E. H. AND E. W. BLASHFIELD AND A. A. HOPKINS, EDITORS 'VASARI'S LIVES'

IN the Tuscan or Tusco-Roman school, Andrea del Sarto comes immediately after Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Raphael. He was a great draughtsman, the best colorist among the Tuscans, an accomplished chiaroscuroist; like Raphael, he was intensely assimilative, but possessed a personality which invariably made itself felt through and beyond this assimilativeness. We see the influence of Raphael and of Fra Bartolommeo in Andrea's compositions, of Dürer in a few of his figures, but above all, of Leonardo and Michelangelo; and yet in all his works the artist himself is ever present. He has been called "*Andrea senza errori*," which is praise that implies a want of *élan*, and which touches the core of any analysis of his faults. We are constantly told that he is the painter who stops just short of perfect fulfillment; this, in other words, means that he lived in an age which demanded not only a complete technical equipment, but also great spiritual gifts, which latter gifts, as understood in the highest sense, Andrea lacked. No earlier epoch had been so exacting, but in the first years of the sixteenth century all problems had been resolved, and the Florentines counted among their artists two men, Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo Buonarroti, who could not only perform nearly everything that drawing and composition might compass, but who added to this technical capacity at once a subtlety and a grandeur unapproached by other Tuscans. Next after these great men, and after Raphael Sanzio, came Fra Bartolommeo and Andrea del Sarto. . . .

That the artistic personality of Andrea was not a weak one, in spite of what has been said about his lack of will, may be seen in his earlier works and in the best of his later ones. As a draughtsman he was skilful beyond any of his Florentine contemporaries save Michelangelo and Leonardo. Great emphasis has been laid by most art historians upon Andrea's color, and yet he was rather a harmonist than a colorist. Florence did not produce artists who felt color. Fra Bartolommeo after his visit to Venice brought back some of the reflection of the lagoons upon his canvases, and Andrea did still better, for he avoided Bartolommeo's black shadows; but no quality in the pictures of the old masters is so uncertain as the color quality, because time has affected and restorers have altered the original appearance of the oil-paintings and frescos until we can be certain of nothing. It has been said that in his best work Andrea equalled the color of the Venetians; but it would be hard to sustain this statement: Del Sarto shone especially as a fresco painter, and the Venetians have left us little fresco work to judge them by. His frescos were silvery rather than rich; they were clear, harmonious, and astonishingly free from the heaviness that comes with over-painting. In his

canvases Andrea is harmonious, and there is sometimes even a certain golden strength of tone; but on the whole, if we compare Andrea's easel pictures with the richest Venetian color, there is the same difference which exists between a note vibrating clearly and deeply and the same note slightly muffled. As a composer with color Andrea was far less skilful than in the handling of the colors themselves; indeed, in a broad way it may be said that to *compose with color* never occurred to the Tuscans at all. In the 'Last Supper' of San Salvi the colors are spotted about rather arbitrarily, although in the upper part of the picture the richness and softness are admirable and approach the Venetians more nearly than does anything else in Del Sarto's work. The frescos of the Annunziata and some of his altar-pieces are pleasing and pretty in color rather than fine; at the best they may be called charming. It is doubtful whether any man who was a great natural colorist would have been content to do his most important work, the decoration of the Cloister of the Scalzo, in monochrome. Yet it must be admitted that he easily led all the Tuscans in comprehension and handling of color.

As a composer by line and mass, Andrea was formal at times in one or two of the frescos of the Annunziata, academic in several of the Scalzo frescos, where he followed Fra Bartolommeo as to distribution, and was strongly influenced by Leonardo in the composition of some of his altar-pieces. One of his especial idiosyncrasies was the overloading of his figures with draperies; some of the latter were admirably studied, but on the whole, not only Andrea, but his friends and scholars Franciabigio and Pontormo, hampered, and as it were tripped up, the dramatic action of their pictures by this voluminous swathing of the actors.

Del Sarto was also a portrait-painter, leaving a whole series of remarkable portraits of himself, and yet in his altar-pieces and decorative paintings he preferred, wherever it was possible, to use but one type, that of his wife. In the treatment of this type he was very unequal; sometimes it is heavy and coarse, sometimes it is noble, as with his 'Madonna of the Harpies,' and it is especially fascinating where Lucrezia posed for him as a St. Michael or St. George.

In his 'Last Supper' at San Salvi there is so much of a certain competency and workmanlike skilfulness of handling that Andrea becomes, perhaps, the first Italian, and surely the first Florentine, of whom we may say that his technique was clever. This cleverness, which compels our admiration in Del Sarto's more fortunate moments, at other times leads him to the *facilis descensus*; in many a great altar picture his possession of artistic riches gives us a shock of pleasure, soon followed by the sense of his misuse of this same possession; in such cases his types lack characterization, his groups are over-facile in composition, and even his famous "silvery" color looks as if chalk and water had been poured into it, so that we feel him to be for the time but a "*grand homme en robe de chambre*," wearing his art only too easily.

His life appears to have been a triple tragedy from the active hindrance of his wife's character, from the weakness of his own, and from the fact that he came either just too soon or too late, at a time when the greatest rewards

fell naturally to three men who possessed exactly the one high spiritual quality which was denied to Andrea. Nevertheless, he was among the greatest of the Italian masters, and his special glory is, that, living at a time when all Tuscany was overshadowed by Michelangelo and Raphael and all Lombardy by Leonardo, he should have accomplished works which were permeated with the spirit of his time, which showed the influence of all the greatest men of his epoch, yet which were also strictly personal to him, Andrea del Sarto, and which were masterpieces. For there is in his pictures, even when all mental reservations are made, all adverse criticism accepted, a certain intangible seduction that gives them an enduring claim upon our artistic sympathies. All students of Del Sarto feel the potency of this spell, which Paul Mantz attempted to define when he wrote, "Andrea has the despotism of charm."

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

'RENAISSANCE IN ITALY'

ANDREA DEL SARTO, the pupil of Piero di Cosimo, but more nearly related in style to Fra Bartolommeo than to any other of the elder masters, was himself a contemporary of Raphael and Correggio. He gave new qualities to the art of Tuscany, and formed a tradition decisive for the subsequent history of Florentine painting. To make a just estimate of his achievement is a task of no small difficulty. The Italians called him "*il pittore senza errori*," or "the faultless painter." What they meant by this must have been that in all the technical requirements of art, in drawing, composition, handling of fresco and oils, disposition of draperies, and feeling for light and shadow, he was above criticism. As a colorist he went further and produced more beautiful effects than any Florentine before him. His silver-gray harmonies and liquid blendings of cool yet lustrous hues have a charm peculiar to himself alone. We find the like nowhere else in Italy. And yet Andrea del Sarto cannot take rank among the greatest Renaissance painters. What he lacked was precisely the most precious gift,—inspiration, depth of emotion, energy of thought. We are apt to feel that even his best pictures were designed with a view to solving an æsthetic problem. Very few have the poetic charm belonging to the 'St. John the Baptist' or the 'Madonna of the Harpies.' Beautiful as are many of his types, like the Magdalen in the large picture of the 'Pietà,' we can never be sure that he will not break the spell by forms of almost vulgar mediocrity. The story that his wife, a worthless woman, sat for his Madonnas, and the legends of his working for money to meet pressing needs, seem justified by numbers of his paintings, faulty in their faultlessness and want of spirit. Still, after making these deductions, we must allow that Andrea del Sarto not unworthily represents the Golden Age at Florence. There is no affectation, no false taste, no trickery in his style. His workmanship is always solid; his hand unerring. If nature denied him the soul of a poet and the stern will needed for escaping from the sordid circumstances of his life, she gave him some of the highest qualities a painter can desire—qualities of strength, tranquillity, and thoroughness, that in the decline of the century had ceased to exist outside of Venice.

H. GUINNESS

'ANDREA DEL SARTO'

VASARI concludes his notice of Del Sarto's life with the verdict that if in the things of daily life he displayed no great elevation of mind and was without ambition, none the less was he an artist of prompt and elevated genius, and one whose works were not only ornaments of the places where they were found, but also examples to all other artists of his time. In drawing, color, and composition Del Sarto was a master, and had his character been such as could have sustained these great gifts, he would surely have been as much *senza equali* as he was *senza errori*; but the great genius of this admirable painter was in some subtle manner measured and limited by a personal timidity which the circumstances of his bourgeois life only fastened closer upon him, and from which he had not force of character to liberate himself. He was, too, unfortunate in his marriage, the slave of a faithful devotion to the woman he loved and wedded, and for whom he did not hesitate to sacrifice both honor and fame. These things told upon his art; but if the soul of Andrea lay in things of sense and he missed the vision of ideal beauty, the secret of visible beauty was truly his, and was rendered by him with consummate skill. His figures are well-nigh faultless; his heads of young men and old are full of life and character; his women and children are natural and graceful; and the subdued richness of his coloring and the force and simplicity of his drawing complete a perfection of work rarely attained.

Beautiful as are the details of his work, however, it is rather in the unity and homogeneity of the whole that his force lies. Before his masterpieces we experience an impression at once instantaneous and complete. There is nothing to distract the mind from the central unity of his compositions—no fictitious effects are aimed at, no auxiliary aids are introduced, but with simple directness and unlabored ease he renders clearly what he sees sanely. The works of men like Michelangelo and Leonardo betray a hundred subtleties of invention, and astonish with the sense of difficulties aimed at and overcome. But Andrea knew none of these complexities; difficulties of technique did not exist for him. The supreme gift which had early gained for him the title "*senza errori*," and the naïve simplicity of his character, left him without desire to startle; he aimed at nothing beyond the reach of his facile brush, and the longer the spectator beholds his works the deeper grows his admiration before their absorbing unity. We feel that he himself stood before Nature as we stand before his works. "I can do with my pencil what I see . . . do easily, too," Browning makes him say,—and as he sees nothing *outré*, he exaggerates nothing, but sets Nature herself before us, and not the wonder of his own productions. The base of his artistic greatness lay in the integrity of his drawing. The details are perfect when we turn to look for them, neither unduly emphasized nor avoided, but they are only part of a greater whole, where the balance is true and the impression indelible.

Bourgeois by birth, marriage, and associations, Del Sarto was never vulgar in his art. His models were of that homely, simple type one meets in the market-place, or stays to exchange a word with in the Signoria,—sincere,

simple folk, strong of limb and beautiful in proportion. They have none of the stale air of the studio about them. Their sincerity and simplicity touch us profoundly—they are real men and women.

A great deal has been written and said about the influence of other artists upon the art of Del Sarto, and critics of ability have sought to trace in him the manners of Fra Bartolommeo and Leonardo, of Ghirlandajo and Michelangelo. But though there may, of course, be truth in pronouncements of this sort, we are inclined to believe that, beyond the subtle influence and stimulating incitement which all great works must necessarily impose upon contemporary workers, Del Sarto was free from seeking to follow the manner of any who went before him. Reminiscences of Piero di Cosimo may be found in his earlier works, Dürer aroused his liveliest admiration, and we know that the frescos of Masaccio were the constant study of his youth, and must have determined to a large degree the colorist Del Sarto was yet to be; but these were but passing influences, while the only abiding inspirer of his art was, and ever remained, Nature herself!

Del Sarto worthily represents the Golden Age of the Cinquecento. The Renaissance was over. It had touched a time when technical processes were perfected, but when already the aim after ideal beauty was beginning to sink, and an achieved greatness, which the age could no longer support, sank rapidly into that mediocrity which marked the arts generally at the close of the sixteenth century.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

'ESSAYS AND STUDIES'

TO praise Andrea del Sarto would need sweeter and purer speech than this of ours. His art is to me as the Tuscan April in its temperate days, fresh and tender and clear, but lulled and kindled by such air and light as fills the life of the growing year with fire. At Florence only can one trace and tell how great a painter and how various he was. There only, but surely there, can the influence and pressure of the things of time on his immortal spirit be understood; how much of him was killed or changed, how much of him could not be. There are the first-fruits of his flowering manhood, when the bright and buoyant genius in him had free play and large delight in his handiwork; when the fresh interest of invention was still his, and the dramatic sense, the pleasure in the play of life, the power of motion and variety; before the old strength of sight and of flight had passed from clouding eye and weary wing, the old pride and energy of enjoyment had gone out of hand and heart.

How the change fell upon him, and how it wrought, any one may see who compares his later with his earlier work—with the series, for instance, of outlines representing the story of St. John the Baptist in the desolate little Cloister of the Scalzo. In these mural designs there is such exultation and exuberance of young power, of fresh passion and imagination, that only by the innate grace can one recognize the hand of the master whom hitherto we knew by the works of his after-life, when the gift of grace had survived the gift of invention. This and all other gifts it did survive,—all pleasure of life and power of mind, all the conscience of the man, his will, his character, his

troubles, his triumphs, his sin and honor, heart-break and shame. All these his charm of touch, his sweetness of execution, his "Elysian beauty, melancholy grace," outlived, and blossomed in their dust. Turn from that cloistral series to those later pictures painted when he was "faultless" and nothing more, and seeing all the growth and all the gain, all the change and all the loss, one to whom the record was unknown would feel and foreknow his story and his sorrow. In the cloister, what life and fulness of growing and strengthening genius, what joyous sense of its growth and the fair field before it, what dramatic delight in character and action!—where St. John preaches in the wilderness, and the few first listeners are gathered together at his feet, old people and poor, soul-stricken, silent; women with worn, still faces and a spirit in their tired, aged eyes that feeds heartily and hungrily on his words; all the haggard and funereal group filled from the fountain of his faith with gradual fire and white-heat of soul; or where Salome dances before Herod, an incarnate figure of music, grave and graceful, light and glad, the song of a bird made flesh, with perfect poise of her sweet slight body, from the maiden face to the melodious feet; no tyrannous or treacherous goddess of deadly beauty, but a simple virgin, with the cold charm of girlhood and the mobile charm of childhood; as indifferent and innocent when she stands before Herodias as when she receives the severed head of John with her slender and steady hand; a pure, bright animal, knowing nothing of man, and of life nothing but instinct and motion. In her mother's mature and conscious beauty there is visible the voluptuous will of a harlot and a queen; but, for herself, she has neither malice nor pity; her beauty is a maiden force of nature, capable of bloodshed without blood-guiltiness; the king hangs upon the music of her movement, the rhythm of leaping life in her fair, fleet limbs, as one who listens to a tune, subdued by the rapture of sound, absorbed in purity of passion. I know not where the subject has been touched with such fine and keen imagination as here.

The time came when another than Salome was to dance before the eyes of the painter; and she required of him the head of no man, but his own soul; and he paid the forfeit into her hands. With the coming of that time upon him came the change upon his heart and hand, "the work of an imperious, whorish woman." Those words, set by the prophet as a brand upon the fallen forehead of the chosen bride, come back to mind as one studies in her husband's pictures the full, calm lineaments, the large and serene beauty, of *Lucrezia del Fede*—a predominant and placid beauty, placid and implacable, not to be pleaded with or fought against. Voluptuous always, and slothful, subtle at times, no doubt, and sweet beyond measure, full of heavy beauty and warm, slow grace, her features bear no sign of possible love or conscience. Seen side by side with his clear, sad face, hers tells more of the story than any written record, even though two poets of our age have taken it up. In the feverish and feeble melodrama of Alfred de Musset there is no touch of tragedy, hardly a shadow of passionate and piteous truth; in Mr. Browning's noble poem—his noblest, it seems to me—the whole tragedy is distilled into the right words, the whole man raised up and re clothed with flesh. One

point only is but lightly touched upon,—missed it could not be by any eye so sharp and skilful,—the effect upon his art of the poisonous solvent of love. How his life was corroded by it and his soul burnt into dead ashes we are shown in full; but we are not shown in full what as a painter he was before, what as a painter he might have been without it. This is what I think the works of his youth and age, seen near together as at Florence, make manifest to any loving and studious eye. In those latter works the inevitable and fatal figure of the woman recurs with little diversity or change. She has grown into his art, and made it even as herself,—rich, monotonous in beauty, calm, complete, without heart or spirit. But his has not been always the “low-pulsed forthright craftsman’s hand” it was then. He had started on his way toward another goal than that. Nothing now is left him to live for but his faultless hand and her faultless face,—still and full, suggestive of no change in the steady, deep-lidded eyes and heavy, lovely lips without love or pudency or pity. Among his sketches we find it again, and ever again the same, crowned and clothed only with the glory and the joy and the majesty of the flesh. When the luxurious and subtle sense which serves the woman for a soul looks forth and speaks plainest from those eyes and lips she is sovereign and stately still; there is in her beauty nothing common or unclean. We cannot but see her for what she is; but her majestic face makes no appeal for homage or forgiveness.

The Works of Andrea del Sarto

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

MADONNA OF THE HARPIES

UFFIZI GALLERY: FLORENCE

THIS picture may be considered as Andrea’s highest achievement in oil-painting. The composition is absolutely symmetrical, and might have been conceived by Fra Bartolommeo. The Virgin, in a red robe and a blue mantle, with a white veil over her head, stands upon a pedestal decorated with the conventional bas-reliefs of harpies which have given the picture its title. With one arm she supports the wonderfully animated little figure of the Child who hangs about her neck, while with the other she holds a book. The two child angels, who seem partly to embrace and partly to sustain her, rival even those of Correggio in loveliness. “This whole centre group is conceived in sculptural fashion,” writes Paul Mantz, “and it is indeed a matter of surprise that it has occurred to no sculptor to translate it into marble. There would be almost nothing to change, so carefully is it composed and balanced, and so excellent is its general outline.” Two other figures complete the picture. On the right, St. John, in a gray tunic and red mantle, holds open the pages of his gospel; on the left, St. Francis, clad in a brown robe, clasps a small cross to his breast.

Crowe and Cavalcaselle especially extol this Madonna for the "harmonious vagueness of the misty tone which bathes and almost obliterates the outlines," and add: "For fusion and transparent gaiety of color Del Sarto was never more remarkable. But the striking point is not so much that the picture is without question a masterpiece, as that we find the painter adapting his means to his subject with such astonishing versatility; for, at the very time when he is surprising us in the Scalzo Cloister by his strength and energy he here shows exceeding softness in the handling and coloring of this quiet, lovely picture."

Upon the Virgin's pedestal is an inscription in her honor, and Andrea's signature, with the date 1517.

THE BIRTH OF THE VIRGIN

CHURCH OF THE ANNUNZIATA: FLORENCE

THIS fresco, in the entrance court of the Annunziata, is, in the almost unanimous opinion of competent judges, Del Sarto's most complete and satisfactory work, and Crowe and Cavalcaselle rank it "on the highest level ever reached in fresco."

The scene is familiar yet dignified. St. Anne reclines in the great canopied bed at the right, while two attendants bring her cordial drinks. In the middle two aristocratic visitors clad in the Florentine fashion, one bare-headed, her hair falling over her yellow gown, the other in a red robe bordered with fur, and with a white veil over her head (this latter figure being Del Sarto's first picture of his wife, whom he had married shortly before completing this work), advance to congratulate the mother. At the left side of the chamber, and before the high, Renaissance chimney-piece, upon which the artist has painted his signature and the date MDXIII., nurses are attending the new-born child, while a boy warms himself at the blaze. St. Joachim, the father, sits in the shadow of the background. About the canopy of the bed angels hover.

"In 'The Birth of the Virgin,'" write the editors of Vasari, "Andrea rises to his full height. Everything in the work is large, ample, simple—composition, feeling, line, mass, and color alike." Crowe and Cavalcaselle lay especial stress upon the skilful balance of the composition, and the action of the figures is truthful, dignified, and lifelike.

"Technically," says Paul Mantz, "Andrea here shows himself a master of the art of fresco painting, and the effect of this picture is like that of some lovely stuff upon which the light lies softly. The colors are well chosen and combined, the shadows are transparent, and the general tone is that of warm amber, softening into reddish grays, and heightened here and there by rose and orange."

DANCE OF SALOME

CLOISTER OF THE SCALZO: FLORENCE

IN the Cloister of the Scalzo, or Barefooted Friars, in Florence, Andrea del Sarto painted in monochrome his well-known frescos from the life of St. John the Baptist. Begun in 1515, the series was interrupted by the artist's

journey to France, and during his absence his co-worker Franciabigio was employed to continue the task, which, however, Andrea resumed upon his return to Florence, and finished in 1526. In spite of the injury they have sustained from exposure to weather (for it is only within the last few years that the cloister has been roofed and glazed), these frescos may still be ranked among Del Sarto's greatest achievements. Messrs. Blashfield and Hopkins consider that, "after the Sistine Chapel of Michelangelo and the Vatican Stanze of Raphael, there is no series of frescos of the beginning of the sixteenth century more interesting than these. . . . In them Andrea has shown himself capable of a feat to which no other save Raphael was equal. That is to say, he has experienced the influence of Michelangelo without being overpowered by it. . . . Less episodic and more severe in style than those of the Cloister of the Annunziata, these frescos still retain Andrea's simplicity, his naturalness, his freedom alike from declamation and from academic coldness, although not from academic composition. If in many ways they show the influence of the Roman school, and even of Dürer, the study of Pagan sculpture is instantly felt in them. One of the most beautiful figures inspired by antiquity in the whole range of modern art is the figure of Salome. It is as noble in line as Mantegna's 'Judith,' and possesses a human quality and an ample stateliness that are Andrea's own." This is the central figure in the picture reproduced in Plate III., of which a description is included in the criticism by Mr. Swinburne printed on Page 31 of this number.

PORTRAIT OF A SCULPTOR

NATIONAL GALLERY: LONDON

IT was formerly believed that this portrait represented Del Sarto himself, but, as is pointed out by the latest official catalogue of the London National Gallery, "the features and general form of the head have little or no resemblance to the authentic portraits of Andrea in the Uffizi and in the Pitti Palace, or to that engraved by Vasari, who was personally acquainted with the painter." If the object in the hands of the sitter is, as has been suggested, a block of marble, the subject of the portrait was probably a Florentine sculptor.

"This work," writes Richter, "is a real masterpiece of painting, broadly executed, of an imposing conception, and very attractive because of the typical *sfumato*, which remarkably enhances the harmony of the delicate violet and gray tones of the coloring." In the background is seen the artist's monogram, formed by two interlaced A's, signifying Andrea d'Agnolo.

MADONNA OF THE SACK

CHURCH OF THE ANNUNZIATA: FLORENCE

THERE is a story that Andrea painted this lunette, which is in the cloister of the church, at the request of a lady who was ordered by her father-confessor to donate a picture as the price of absolution from some broken vow. The amount which she was able to pay was small, but as Andrea had won much reputation by his previous frescos in the same convent he ac-

cepted the commission, which resulted in this Madonna, painted in 1525, and which is inscribed "QUEM GENUIT ADORAVIT. AN. DOM. MDXXV."

The picture, honored by the admiration of Michelangelo and Titian, is one of Del Sarto's greatest achievements. Paul Mantz writes of it: "The Virgin is seated, clad in a robe and mantle of which the folds give her figure a pyramidal shape. She holds the infant Christ, who plays upon her knees. On the left St. Joseph, his eyes upon an open book, leans one arm upon the sack of corn which gives the picture its title. Andrea was not always impeccable in his coloring, but here there is a harmonious variety which must win the most critical. The Virgin's hood is green, her bodice white with yellow undersleeves, and her blue drapery falls over a rose-colored skirt, while St. Joseph's tunic is violet with a yellowish mantle, and there are yellow, or rather *écru*, tones in the architecture. But all these colors, a little dimmed by time, are subdued to a velvety harmony, and the whole when seen from a distance has a pervading grayish-golden tone.

"In color, design, execution and serene beauty this work is masterly. Raphael might have composed the curves more harmoniously, Michelangelo have given it a more sculptural quality and more haunting mystery, but neither one nor the other could have imparted a more exquisite grace nor a more pervasive tenderness. Before the 'Madonna of the Sack' one's critical faculties become stupefied, and one has no heart to scrutinize for defects. If he was not of the greatest, Andrea was one of those privileged ones of earth whose works have the despotism of charm. Men have well called him the faultless painter. He may have had faults, but what matter, if one cannot see them!"

DISPUTATION ON THE TRINITY

PITTI PALACE: FLORENCE

THIS picture, one of the finest of Del Sarto's altar-pieces, was painted in 1518 for the monks of San Gallo. Removed some ten years later from their convent church to that of San Jacopo tra' Fossi, it was seriously injured, especially in the lower portion, by an overflow of the Arno which inundated the church in 1555. About the middle of the seventeenth century it was transferred to the Pitti Palace.

The figures are larger than life, and represent St. Augustine, St. Lawrence, St. Peter Martyr (or St. Dominic), and St. Francis engaged in a discussion concerning the mystery of the Trinity, faintly visible in the clouds above, while at the feet of the disputants kneel St. Sebastian and the Magdalen, the face of the latter being a portrait of the painter's wife.

Burckhardt considers that in this picture Andrea "attained his height in intellectual expression," and the Vasari editors write: "It is an admirable work, and leaves little room for criticism—full of beauty, yet also in some of its parts foreshadowing that loss of grasp which Andrea, either through indifference or discouragement, showed in many of his works." Even in its present damaged condition the picture retains much of its original charm and harmony of color.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST

PITTI PALACE: FLORENCE

IN this beautiful picture the young St. John, clad in a skin robe and red drapery, with a bowl in his right hand and in his left a folded parchment, is shown at life size. St. John's features distinctly recall the beautiful face of Lucrezia del Fede, and we may well believe that she was her husband's model here, as she was for one of the kings in the 'Adoration of the Magi,' and again for St. Michael in the picture of 'Four Saints.' But, as Vasari says, "if Andrea took a model from any other face there was always a resemblance to hers in the painting, not only because he had this woman constantly before him and depicted her so frequently, but also, and what is more, because he had her lineaments engraven on his heart."

Andrea painted two pictures of this subject,—one which later came into the possession of Duke Cosmo de' Medici, and another intended as a gift for Francis I., by which the artist hoped to restore himself to favor with his former patron. It is undetermined which of these two is the present picture.

THE LAST SUPPER

CONVENT OF SAN SALVI: FLORENCE

ABOUT one mile outside the Porta Santa Croce, Florence, is the ancient Vallombrosan Convent of San Salvi, in the refectory of which Andrea del Sarto, probably in 1526 or 1527, painted in fresco his celebrated '*Cenacolo*,' or 'Last Supper,' "the only representation of the subject," says Burckhardt, "which can even distantly be compared with Leonardo's." In its necessarily symmetrical arrangement it is similar to Da Vinci's painting, but in its composition, as Paul Mantz has said, "Andrea's picture leaves much to be desired; and at first sight the remembrance of Leonardo's great work nullifies our admiration." But although it nowhere approaches the technical subtlety of composition nor the spiritual masterliness of the work of Leonardo, within whose grasp alone lay the power to give artistic expression to the complete significance of the impressive moment, Andrea del Sarto has here surpassed all other painters who have treated this difficult subject.

"The reality of the thing is striking," write Crowe and Cavalcaselle. "The Saviour and the apostles sit at a long table in a room at an upper window of which two persons converse. The types are characteristic of the age and habit of the men represented, whose faces all seem portraits. To this is superadded color, in every wave of which there is light, plasticity, and air. It is marvellous how the shadows cast by the figures, and the parts in them turned away from the light, keep their value; how the variegated tints preserve their harmony. The action is everywhere true, the drapery of grand and simple cast, but sculptural in the flattened aspect of its relief. The Saviour, at the centre of the table, lays his hand on that of St. John, towards whom his face is turned, and holds the bread in the direction of Judas, who sits by him. This is a group in which all Andrea's faults and qualities are combined." "The representation of the Saviour may not realize one's idea of the Redeemer of the world," writes Reumont, "and indeed Andrea himself has elsewhere conceived Him more nobly, as for example in a mar-

vellous head painted for the altar of the Annunziata. It may be that this head of the Saviour in the 'Last Supper' has, however, been partially painted over, and has thereby lost some of its original character. Here and there the picture seems to have been somewhat hastily and carelessly executed, as is frequently to be remarked in other works of the artist's later period."

We are told that during the siege of Florence in 1529 this work was saved as by a miracle. "The soldiers had already torn down a great portion of the church and cloister of San Salvi," writes Benedetto Varchi, the Florentine chronicler of that time, "but when they came to the refectory in which is painted a 'Last Supper' by the hand of Andrea del Sarto, at sight of this creation they stood spellbound, filled with amazement, and would proceed no further with the work of demolition. And this is the reason," concludes the old chronicler, "that we who are better able to appreciate its worth can still look upon one of the most beautiful pictures of the world."

THE ANNUNCIATION

PITTI PALACE: FLORENCE

"**T**HE Annunciation' (originally painted for the Church of San Gallo) is as lovely as it is skilfully executed," writes Janitschek. "Mary stands beside a *prie-dieu*, holding in her left hand a book, in which she was evidently absorbed before the advent of the angel, who seems to have just dropped down from heaven, and who now kneels on clouds before her. The space on the right is filled by the figures of two attendant angels, which are amongst the loveliest ever painted by Andrea. Roman architecture in the middle distance and a thoughtfully treated landscape in the background form a beautiful framework to the composition. The conception of the action here reveals a spiritual depth of which Andrea elsewhere rarely gives proof. The coloring, however, still lacks that perfect blending peculiar to his more mature works, but is already full of promise in its finely balanced tones and the consequent harmonious general effect. The painting must be referred to the year 1512, as the predella, which has since disappeared, was executed by Pontormo, who worked in Andrea's studio during that year."

PIETÀ

PITTI PALACE: FLORENCE

IN the year 1523 the plague broke out in Florence, and Andrea del Sarto, with his family, took refuge in the Convent of San Pietro, at Luco, where he painted this 'Pietà' for the nuns, "setting himself to the work with infinite devotion," says Vasari, "in gratitude for the kindness with which the venerable sisters of the convent had received him."

The body of the Saviour is stretched upon a stone slab overlaid with a white cloth. St. John, in a green tunic and red mantle, supports the body on the left, while the Virgin, in a garnet robe and white veil, upholds one arm. Between them stands St. Peter, in yellow, and Mary Magdalen, in a rose-colored robe and green mantle, kneels, with clasped hands. Behind her is St. Catherine, whose dress is green and drapery yellow, while St. Paul, in red, stretches out his arm. These figures are of life size. In the foreground is the host, set upon a chalice.

"It is," write Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "a fine example of Del Sarto's versatility,—correct in composition, dramatic and powerful in action, and original in conception. Not so severely grave as Fra Bartolommeo would have made it, nor so serenely calm as would Perugino, but there is Michel-angelesque fibre in it, and Del Sarto has made the scene forcible yet human and familiar, realistic and yet noble."

THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS OF ANDREA DEL SARTO, WITH THEIR
PRESENT LOCATIONS

AUSTRIA. VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: Pietà—BELGIUM. BRUSSELS MUSEUM: Jupiter and Leda—ENGLAND. LONDON, HAMPTON COURT: Virgin and Child—LONDON, HERTFORD HOUSE: Madonna and Angels—LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Portrait of a Sculptor (Plate iv)—LONDON, COLLECTION OF LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD, ESQ.: Madonna del Fies—PANSHANGER, EARL COWPER'S COLLECTION: Two Portraits of Men; Portrait of a Woman; Life of Joseph (part of a predella)—FRANCE. PARIS, LOUVRE: Charity; Holy Family (*bis*)—GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: Madonna and Saints; Portrait of the Artist's Wife—DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: Sacrifice of Abraham; Marriage of St. Catherine—MUNICH GALLERY: Holy Family—ITALY. FLORENCE, ACADEMY: Two Angels; Four Saints; Dead Christ (fresco)—FLORENCE, CHURCH OF THE ANNUNZIATA: [entrance court] Five frescos from the Life of St. Philip Benizzi; Adoration of the Magi (fresco); Birth of the Virgin (fresco) (Plate II); [chapel] Head of Christ; [inner cloister] Madonna of the Sack (fresco) (Plate v)—FLORENCE, PITTI PALACE: Pietà (Plate x); Holy Family; Annunciation (Plate ix); Assumption (*bis*); Disputation on the Trinity (Plate vi); St. John the Baptist (Plate vii); Portrait of Del Sarto; Story of Joseph (two panels); Annunciation (*bis*); Virgin in Glory (finished by Vincenzo Bonilli); Virgin in glory; Madonna and Child; Portrait of a Man—FLORENCE, CLOISTER OF THE SCALZO: Ten frescos from the Life of St. John the Baptist [Annunciation to Zacharias; Visitation; Birth of St. John; Baptism of Christ (in part by Franciabigio); Preaching of St. John; Baptism of the Multitude; Imprisonment of St. John; Dance of Salome (Plate III); Beheading of St. John; Bringing the Head of St. John to Herod]; Four figures of Virtues—FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Christ appearing to the Magdalen; Madonna of the Harpies (Plate I); St. James and Choristers; Portrait of Del Sarto; Portrait of Del Sarto (tempera) (Page 20); Portrait of the Artist's Wife; Madonna, Child, and St. John—FLORENCE, CONVENT OF SAN SALVI: The Last Supper (fresco) (Plate VIII)—FLORENCE, VILLA OF POGGIO A CAJANO: Cæsar receiving Tribute (fresco, finished by Al. Allori)—NAPLES MUSEUM: Copy of Raphael's Leo X.—NAPLES, CHURCH OF ST. GIACOMO DEGLI SPAGNAOLI: Madonna and Child—PISA, CATHEDRAL: St. John; St. Peter; St. Margaret; St. Catherine; St. Agnes—ROME, BARBERINI PALACE: Holy Family—ROME, VILLA BORGHESE: The Magdalen—RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG, HERMITAGE GALLERY: Holy Family—SPAIN. MADRID, THE PRADO: Holy Family and Angel; Sacrifice of Abraham—UNITED STATES. BOSTON, ART MUSEUM: Holy Family (loaned).

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